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Rights and Wrongs.

BY MARIE S. LILLON.

Benjamin Mortimer Samuel Blobbs,
A lawyer of growing renown,
Was talented, youthful, a rising man
In a rapidly rising town;
And men, when they spoke of his happy lot,
And envied the joy of his life,
Were sure to name, as the sweet, crowning bliss,
Fair Angeline Emma, his wife;
For her temper was good, her eyes were blue,
And her hair was the popular golden hue.

The sun of contentment shone on their home
And brighten'd the swift fleeting hours;
Smiling hope whis-pered of glad coming years,
And duty was wreathed with love's flow'rs,
Until a reformer in spectacles came
With a mission to right the world:
She marched around with a masculine air,
While her scorn at the men she hurl'd.
Her hair was cut short, and so was her gown,
And her voice could be heard all over the town.

She labored with Angeline day and night;
She argued and threatened and plead;
She muttered of slaves and raved about chains
Till she turned the poor woman's head.
So Angeline learned the fine modern views
And wove them all into a speech;
Spoke of Saint Paul with a sad, patient smile,
And thought she'd a calling to preach.
She very soon grew a woman of note,—
She wanted her rights, and she wanted to vote.

It had been easy a servant to keep,
But now they all left in a week;
For Angeline talked in a moving way
Of the high place a woman should seek;
The burning wrongs they were bound to redress;
The fettters they'd worn for long years;
Till they "wouldn't work for a tyrant man,"
And they left in search of their spheres.
And how could Benjamin argue a case
While the housework and sewing stared in his face?

And so he grew thin in his face and purse,
And as pale and sad as a ghost.
When last I saw him he sat with his child
In the home that was once his boast;
And Angeline's voice, he had thought so sweet,
To his ears came shrill, hoarse and loud.
As she practised, up stairs, before the glass,
For her lecture before the crowd;
And a look of contempt just wrinkled his nose
As he watched the baking and mended the hose.

He sang a song to the slumbering babe,
A song with a wild, mournful tune:
"I wish I'd a railroad, dear," so he sang,
"That reached from the earth to the moon;
I'd start, little one, an excursion train,
And send them all off together—
The men with isms, the women with rights,
Each bird of a strange, new feather;
And, O my darling, they'd never come back,
For I'd tear up the earthly end of the track!"

RHODE ISLANDERS are greatly in favor of the narrow gauge railroad, because, says an exchange, a broad gauge is apt to run through little Rhody with one rail over the border.

[For the Scholastic.]

Lectures of Clem Toots, the Barber, on Various Subjects.

BY G.

My Desparin' Bredern:

P'raps some some on ye may like to hear de reason why I hab left de calm shades ob de barber-shop—as de poet says—and come here to-night to lecture in dis log school-house, which is—if you'll allow me to make a transgression—thirty feet by eighteen in diameter and sarcumference, and, therefore, a mighty respectful purportion for its size. Now dis is de reason. Since I came to dis village, or—as Golksmith says, so mellifluently—hamlet, I hab noticed dat ye is all oncommonly ignorant. Ye don't know nuffin, by no means, on de contrary, certainly not, quite de reverse. So, says I to myself, "Clem, hear is a chance for ye; don't ye go and be hidin' yar bushel under a light. Improve de occasion and de minds ob dese unfortunate individuals.

As de poet says: "Go whar glory waits ye;" I applied dem sentences to myself, and went. And heah I is.

Dere will be a volunteer collection ebery eben-ing, and, dough nobody could eber say dat Clem Toots hankered arter money, neberdeless de more ye volunteer de bigger will be de pile ob stamps which will be a "crownin' dispensashun" as Croliber Omwell used to say when he took another scalp.

And heah, maybe, some criketal individual may howl: "Git, ye prop-ster, git! Go 'way, vamose de ranche, absquatulate, skedaddle, empty dis log-house ob yar presence! Ye hain't got no larnin', an' if ye hain't got no larnin' how ken ye improve us?"

If dere be sich a scoffer in dis congregation, let him stand up and Clem Toots'll answer him. I was in College a number ob years, and—like a good many white folks—when I left dat abode of ole Panasses—as ole Homer says—I knew various tings. Some white folks only get one ting in College—dey gets older. Dey carry away wid dem, when dey graduate lots ob knowledge—in deir school books. Now it takes work to larn tings. A teacher may show us how to put book-knowledge into our heads, but ye see he can't put it dar himself. De stujint must do dat. If I'm hungry and my stomach is empty, ye may offer me all de food in de world. But what good will it do me, O desparin' bredern, if I don't eat it myself. Anoder man eatin' kin neber fill my stomach,—no, bredern, it cant. An' it's jest de same wid one's brains,—ah, yes,—it's jest de same.

Well, to presume dese preliminaries. I was employed hard at work in de College all de time wid my books. I had car ob de library, and swept de perfessors' rooms. Now de dust ob a library is full ob larnin', which bein' de case, I'm mighty larned, for dat dust kept me sneezin' from mornin' till night. I tink dis is a sufficient explanation ob my debility to enlighten ye on many matters, useful and oderwise.

My lecture to-morrow night will be on: "What constitutes a man?" I trust thar will be a good meetin', and dat ye'll all fotch along a few dimes for de volunteer collection; for, desparin' bredern, when a man sacrifices hisself for de public he deserves to be paid for it. Dat's de conclusion I come to from readin' de papers. For what says de poet:

"Sarmatia fell, unwept, widout a dime."

My honest bredern, farewell!

FIRST LECTURE OF CLEM TOOTS.

"WHAT CONSTITUTES A MAN."

Egyptian Darkness: Before beginnin' my discourse dis ebenin', I want to say one word about dat volunteer collection. Dough de matter's ob no consequence whateber in itself, ye understand, nebedeless its allus wise to hab a clar idee ob tings. Miss Sally Mouser will hab de condescension to take up de collection. I hab no suspicion ob de men, oh no, my breddern, but den, ye see, de ladies—bless dem!—hab only one pocket. Ah!

My breddern, dere once libed a poet named Alexander Pope, an' I wish ye to keep de name in yar minds, for ye might confound him wid Pope Alexander from de similarity ob deir titles. If ye are ebber in doubt on de subject, jist recollect dat Pope Alexander had suffin else to do beside writin' poetry, and dis will make de difficulty clar as mud.

Dis poet said: "Whateber is, is right." I'll delucidate dis matter by an example: "De volunteer collection is, darfore, it's right." But dis is not what I want to come at. He says in anoder section, or chapter, or paragraph, or line,—ye'll find de place if ye search keerfully—de followin' words:

"*De proper study of mankind is man.*"

Noting could be truer dan dis, always purvided de man we study is ourself. Ye can neber make yar own hoss fat by givin' de oats to yar neighbor's animile. So also hence consequently, de properest study of mankind is yarselv. Dar are some pussons allus got deir necks stretched like geese ober deir neighbor's fence criketcisin' de weeds and de thistles in his garden, an' all de while de weeds in his own patch is jist as thick as crows in sowin' time an' as big as paw-paw trees. Now, while he keeps on dis track, ye might as well prescribe de transit ob Wenus to a cage full ob monkeys, as talk to him about clarin' out his own garden.

I may as well say in dis place, my misable breddern, dat P. S.—Clem Toots will enlighten ye on dat transit ob Wenus before he gits fro his lectures,—

But, my breddern, before we kin study man we must know what constitutes a man. For instance, if I said to ye: "De voice ob de whangdoodle is heerd in de land an' de jamboree is buzzin' in de wale," ye would cry out: "I say, Clem, what kind ob a ting is a whangdoodle, an', likewise, expound de nature ob a jamboree." So, in dis case, quite de same, similarly.

I will not tell ye what a man *isn't*; de subject

might grow slightly tedious. We must come, far an' square, down to de question: "What constitutes a man?"

Does greenbacks constitute a man? No, my gapin' beldern. Look at de most part ob de rich in general. While he has gold, he swells like a turkey-cock on a war-footin', and roars so loud dat poor folk, slink off from de terrible fellow, like jacka-se—no, jackals—from de lion's den. Let his property be burnt and his money gone, an' den whar's de man? All dat's left is a mis'able, whinin' critter who stands gloomily under lamp-posts and doles down back-alleys when he sees some ob his former acquaintances whose greenbacks is yit safe. *Dat* coward a man? Not at all.

Do s power constitute a man? Certainly not. Look at Zero, de Roman inspirer. When de city was on fire like Chicago, what does Zero do? Ah, ha!—dat's de question, what did he do? Did he git up a Belief Commission? Did he tiligrap for blankets? Did he open soup kitchins? Did he swar in con-pieuous perlicemen to knock peoples' brains out and shoot dem wid Colt's rewolwers fur lookin' at de complagration? No, no misguided breddern. He jist got a seller named Spears, who played de bones meloiously, and takin' his ba jo, he crawled out on de roof fro de skylight, and dar he played "Lay me in my little bunk" as a duette, until de next mornin'. Was he a man? I scorn to reply.

Do s fame constitute a man? By no means. Dar was Sourcoutes, a purty smart Greashin, an' when he spoke his listeners shook dar ears an was silent. [P. S.—I hope ye'll keep dis fact in mind, my dispeetible hearers.] Well, when he was agoin' to die, he took his ole game rooster, an' he says: "Chanceler," say he, "yar a steam-ingeine when your spurs is on, dat's what *you* are. Many's de V you've jerked out ob Kit Burnses sob into mine, an' no one de wiser. Yar a knowin' bird, ole f.ller, jist as knowin' as I am. Fur I know noting, an' *you* know noting, darfore, we knows as much as each oder knows. Now, dough I don't belieb in pagan gods, yit I'll do as oders do. Darfore, my boy, as de poet says: 'You've got to go to pot' in honor ob dat conspiciose quack. You'll escape us.' Was *he* a man? I'm sorry to say, dat don't look like it.

What den constitutes a man? Virtue, my breddern,—onecompromisin' virtue. Not dat kind ob virtue dat is meant for mens' eyes. De double kin allus bribe dat kind ob ting. But a solid virtue, which is built on purity and all manliness. When you hab dat, you are a man. Oderwise, not at all.

De collection will commence from de door, as it might be inconvenient to stand waitin' dere in de draft.

Breddern, ajoo.

SUN-STROKES.—The *Atlanta Sun*, Alexander H. Stephens' paper, has a column headed as above that often flashes with genuine wit. Digest the following:

The arrest of Brigham Young was a harem scare'em sort of business.

The *Courier-Journal* says "wild geese are moving South." The editor of the C. J. will be along after a while.

It is stated that Blind Tom cleared \$41,000 last year. Tom says he would be glad to see one dollar of the amount.

It is becoming very evident to the minds of the "latter day saints," of Salt Lake, that their "latter day" is approaching.—*Picayune*.

A story told out in Denver, California, is that during the late tornado there a gentleman lost his bran new stove-pipe hat, and rushing to the telegraph office, sent a telegram to the next station, asking to have the hat stopped on its course, to which the operator replied, "Too late; already passed."

[SELECTED.]

ERIC; or, Little by Little.

A Tale of Roslyn School.

BY FREDERIC W. FARRAR,
Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER IX.

"DEAD FLIES," OR "YE SHALL BE AS GODS."

In the twilight, in the evening, in the black and dark night. —*Prov. vii, 9.*

At Roslyn, even in summer, the hour for going to bed was half-past nine. It was hardly likely that so many boys overflowing with turbulent life, should lie down quietly, and get to sleep. They never dreamt of doing so. Very soon after the masters were gone, the sconces were often relighted, sometimes in separate dormitories, sometimes in all of them, and the boys amused themselves by reading novels or making a row. They would play various games about the bed-rooms, vaulting or jumping over the beds, running races in sheets, getting through the windows up'n the roofs, to frighten the study-boys with sham ghosts, or playing the thousand other pranks which suggested themselves to the fertile imagination of fifteen. But the favorite amusement was a bolstering match. One room would challenge another, and stripping the covers off their bolsters, would meet in mortal fray. A bolster well wielded, especially when dexterously applied to the legs, is a very efficient instrument to bring a boy to the ground; but it doesn't hurt very much, even when the blows fall on the head. Hence these matches were excellent trials of strength and temper, and were generally accompanied with shouts of laughter, never ending until one side was driven back to its own room. Many a long and tough struggle had Eric enjoyed, and his prowess was now so universally acknowledged, that his dormitory, No. 7, was a match for any other, and far stronger in this warfare than most of the rest. At bolstering, Duncan was a perfect champion; his strength and activity were marvellous, and his mirth uproarious. Eric and Graham backed him up brilliantly; while Llewellyn and Attlay, with sturdy vigor, supported the skirmishers. Ball, the sixth boy in No. 7, was the only *faiseant* among them, though he did occasionally help to keep off the smaller fry.

Happy would it have been for all of them if Ball had never been placed in No. 7; happier still if he had never come to Roslyn School. Backward in work, overflowing with vanity at his supposed good looks, of mean disposition and feeble intellect, he was the very worst specimen of a boy that Eric had ever seen. Not even Barker so deeply excited Eric's repulsion and contempt. And yet, since the affair of Upton, Barker and Eric were declared enemies, and, much to the satisfaction of the latter, never spoke to each other; but with Ball—much as he inwardly loathed him—he was professedly and apparently on good terms. His silly love of universal popularity made him accept and tolerate the society even of this worthless boy.

Any two boys talking to each other about Ball would probably profess to like him "well enough," but if they were honest, they would generally end by allowing their contempt.

"We've got a nice set in No. 7, haven't we?" said Duncan to Eric one day.

"Capital. Old Llewellyn's a stunner, and I like Attlay and Graham."

"Don't you like Ball, then?"

"Oh yes; pretty well."

The two boys looked each other in the face, and then, like the confidential augurs, burst out laughing.

"You know you detest him," said Duncan.

"No, I don't. He never did me any harm that I know of."

"Him!—well, I detest him."

"Well!" answered Eric, "on coming to think of it, so do I. And yet he's popular enough in the school. I wonder how that is,"

"He's not *really* popular. I've often noticed that fellows pretty generally despise him, yet somehow don't like to say so."

"Why do you dislike him, Duncan?"

"I don't know. Why do you?"

"I don't know either."

Neither Eric nor Duncan meant this answer to be false, and yet if they had taken the trouble to consider, they would have found out in their secret souls the reasons of their dislike.

Ball had been to school before, and of this school he often bragged as the acme of desirability and wickedness. He was always telling boys what they did at "his old school," and he quite inflamed the minds of such as fell under his influence by marvellous tales of the wild and wilful things which he and his former schoolfellow had done. Many and many a scheme of sin and mischief at Roslyn was suggested, planned, and carried out, on the model of Ball's reminiscences of his previous life.

He had tasted more largely of the tree of the knowledge of evil than any other boy, and, strange to say, this was the secret why the general odium was never expressed. He claimed his guilty experience so often as a ground of superiority, that at last the claim was silently allowed. He spoke from the platform of more advanced iniquity, and the others listened first curiously, and then eagerly to his words.

"Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." Such was the temptation which assailed the other boys in dormitory No. 7; and Eric among the number. Ball was the tempter. Secretly, gradually, he dropped into their too willing ears the poison of his polluting acquirements.

In brief, this boy was cursed with a degraded and corrupting mind.

I hurry over a part of my subject inconceivably painful; I hurry over it but if I am to perform my self-imposed duty of giving a true picture of what school life *sometimes* is I must not pass it by altogether.

The first time that Eric heard indecent words in dormitory No. 7, he was shocked beyond bound or measure. Dark though it was, he felt himself blushing scarlet to the roots of his hair, and then growing pale again, while a hot dew was left upon his forehead. Ball was the speaker; but this time there was a silence, and the subject instantly dropped. The others felt that a "new boy" was in the room; they did not know how he would take it; they were unconsciously abashed. Besides, though they had themselves joined in such conversation before, they did not love it, and on the contrary, felt ashamed of yielding to it.

Now Eric, now or never! Life and death, ruin and salvation, corruption and purity, are perhaps in the balance together, and the scale of your destiny may hang on a single word of yours. Speak out, boy! Tell these fellows that unseemly words wound your conscience; tell them that they are ruinous, sinful, damnable; speak out and save yourself and the rest. Virtue is strong and beautiful, Eric, and vice is downcast in her awful presence. Lose your purity of heart, Eric, and you have lost a jewel which the whole world, if it were "one entire and perfect chrysolite," cannot replace.

Good spirits guard that young boy, and give him grace in this his hour of trial! Open his eyes that he may see the fiery horses and the fiery chariots of the angels who would defend him, and the dark array of spiritual foes who throng around his bed. Point a pitying finger to the yawning abyss of

shame, ruin, and despair that even now perhaps is being cleft under his feet. Shew him the garlands of the present and the past, withering at the touch of the *Erinnyes* in the future. In pity, shew him the canker which he is introducing into the sap of the tree of life, which shall cause its root to be hereafter as bitterness, and its blossom to go up as dust.

But the sense of sin was on Eric's mind. How could he speak? was not his own language sometimes profane? How—how could he profess to reprove another boy on the ground of morality, when he himself said and did things less dangerous perhaps, but equally forbidden?

For half an hour, in an agony of struggle with himself, Eric lay silent. Since Ball's last words nobody had spoken. They were going to sleep. It was too late to speak now, Eric thought. The moment passed by for ever; Eric had listened without objection to foul words, and the irreparable harm was done.

How easy it would have been to speak! With the temptation, God had provided also a way to escape. Next time it came, it was far harder to resist, and it soon became, to men, impossible.

Ah Eric, Eric! how little we know the moments which decide the destinies of life. We live on as usual. The day is a common day, the hour a common hour. We never thought twice about the change of intention, which by one of the accidents—(accidents!)—of life determined for good or for evil, for happiness or misery the color of our remaining years. The stroke of the pen was done in a moment which led unconsciously to our ruin; the word was uttered quite heedlessly, on which turned for ever the decision of our weal or woe.

Eric lay silent. The darkness was not broken by the flashing of an angel's wing, the stillness was not syllabled by the sound of an angel's voice; but to his dying day Eric never forgot the moments which passed, until, weary and self-reproachful, he fell asleep.

Next morning he awoke, restless and feverish. He at once remembered what had passed. Ball's words haunted him: he could not forget them; they burnt within him like the flame of a moral fever. He was moody and petulant, and for a time could hardly conceal his aversion. Ah Eric! moodiness and petulance cannot save you, but prayerfulness would; one word, Eric, at the throne of grace—one prayer before you go down among the boys, that God in his mercy would wash away, in the blood of his dear Son, your crimson stains, and keep your conscience and memory clean.

The boy knelt down for a few minutes, and repeated to himself a few formal words. Had he stayed longer on his knees, he might have given way to a burst of penitence and supplication—but he heard Ball's footprint, and getting up he ran down stairs to breakfast; so Eric did not pray.

Conversations did not generally drop so suddenly in dormitory No. 7. On the contrary, they generally flashed along in the liveliest way, till some one said, "Good night;" and then the boys turned off to sleep. Eric knew this, and instantly conjectured that it was only a sort of respect for him, and ignorance of the manner in which he would consider it, that prevented Duncan and the rest from taking any further notice of Ball's remark. It was therefore no good disburdening his mind to any of them; but he determined to speak about the matter to Russell in their next walk.

They usually walked together on Sunday. Boys are not generally fond of constitutional, so that on the half-holidays they almost entirely confined their open-air exercise to the regular games, and many of them hardly left the play-ground boundaries once a week. But on Sundays they often went walks, each with his favorite friend or companion. When Eric first came as a boarder, he invariably went with Russell on Sunday, and many a pleasant stroll they had taken together, sometimes accom-

panied by Duncan, Montagu, or Owen. The latter, however, had dropped even this intercourse with Eric, who for the last few weeks had more often gone with his new friend Upton.

"Come a walk, boy," said Upton, as they left the dining-room.

"Oh, excuse me to-day, Upton," said Eric, "I'm going with your cousin."

"Oh, *very* well," said Upton, in high dudgeon; and hoping to make Eric jealous, he went a walk with Graham, whom he had "taken up" before he knew Williams.

Russell was rather surprised when Eric came to him and said, "Come a stroll to Fort Island, Edwin—will you?"

"Oh yes," said Russell cheerfully; "why, we haven't seen each other for some time lately! I was beginning to fancy that you meant to drop me, Eric."

He spoke with a smile and in a rallying tone, but Eric hung his head; for the charge was true. Proud of his popularity among all the school, and especially of his friendship with so leading a fellow as Upton, Eric had *not* seen much of his friend since their last conversation about swearing. Indeed, conscious of failure, he felt sometimes uneasy in Russell's company.

He faltered, and answered humbly, "I hope you will never drop me, Edwin, however bad I get? But I particularly want to speak to you to-day."

In an instant Russell had twined his arm in Eric's as they turned towards Fort Island; and Eric, with an effort, was just going to begin, when they heard Montagu's voice calling after them—

"I say, you fellows, where are you off to? may I come with you?"

"Oh yes, Monty, do," said Russell; "it will be quite like old times; now that my cousin Horace has got hold of Eric, we have to sing, 'When shall we three meet again?'"

Russell only spoke in fun; but, unintentionally, his words jarred in Eric's heart. He was silent and answered in monosyllables, so the walk was provokingly dull. At last they reached Fort Island, and sate down by the ruined chapel looking on the sea.

"Why, what's the row with you, old boy?" said Montagu, playfully shaking Eric by the shoulder, "you're as silent as Zimmerman on Solitude, and as doleful as Harvey on the Tombs. I expect you've been going through a select course of Blair's Grave, Young's Night Thoughts, and Drelincourt on Death."

To his surprise Eric's head was still bent, and, at last, he heard a deep suppressed sigh.

"My dear child, what is the matter with you?" said Russell, affectionately taking his hand; "surely you're not offended at my nonsense?"

Eric had not liked to speak while Montagu was by, but now he gulped down his rising emotion, and briefly told them of Ball's vile words the night before. They listened in silence.

"I knew it must come, Eric," said Russell, at last, "and I am so sorry you didn't speak at the time."

"Do the fellows ever talk in that way in either of your dormitories?" asked Eric.

"No," said Russell.

"Very little," said Montagu.

A pause followed, during which all three plucked the grass and looked away.

"Let me tell you," said Russell, solemnly; "my father (he is dead now, you know, Eric), when I was sent to school, warned me of this kind of thing. I had been brought up in utter ignorance of such coarse knowledge as is forced upon one here, and with my reminiscences of home, I could not bear even that much of it which it was impossible to avoid. But the very first time such talk was begun in my dormitory, I spoke out. What I said I don't know, but I felt as if I was trampling on a slimy,

poisonous adder, and, at any rate, I shewed such pain and distress that the fellows dropped it at the time. Since then I have absolutely refused to stay in the room if ever such talk is begun. So it never is now, and I do think the fellows are very glad of it themselves."

"Well," said Montagu, "I don't profess to look on it from the religious ground, you know, but I thought it blackguardly, and in bad taste, and said so. The fellow whom began it, threatened to kick me for a conceited little fool, but he didn't; and they hardly ever venture on that line now."

"It is more than blackguardly, it is deadly," answered Russell; "my father said it was the most fatal curse which could ever become rife in a public school."

"Why do masters never give us any help or advice on these matters?" asked Eric thoughtfully.

"In sermons they do. Don't you remember Rowlands' sermon not two weeks ago on Kibroth-Hattaavah? But I for one think them quite right not to speak to us privately on such subjects, unless we invite confidence. Besides, they cannot know that any boys talk in this way. After all, it is only a very few of the worst who ever do."

They got up and walked home, but from day to day Eric put off performing the duty which Russell had advised, viz.—a private request to Ball to abstain from his offensive communications, and an endeavor to enlist Duncan into his wishes.

One evening they were telling each other stories in No. 7. Ball's turn came, and in his story the vile element again appeared. For a while Eric said nothing, but as the strain grew worse, he made a faint remonstrance.

"Shut up there, Williams," said Attlay, "and don't spoil the story."

"Very well. It's your own fault, and I shall shut my ears."

He did for a time, but a general laugh awoke him. He pretended to be asleep, but he listened. Iniquity of this kind was utterly new to him; his curiosity was awakened; he no longer feigned indifference, and the poison flowed deep into his veins. Before that evening was over, Eric Williams was a "god, knowing good and evil."

Oh young boys, if your eyes ever read these pages, pause and beware. The knowledge of evil is ruin, and the continuance in it hell. That little matter—that beginning of evil—it will be like the snow-flake detached by the breath of air from the mountain-top, which, as it rushes down, gains size, and strength, and impetus, till it has swollen to the mighty and irresistible avalanche that overwhelms garden, and field, and village, in a chaos of undistinguishable death.

Kibroth-Hattaavah! Many and many a young Englishman has perished there! Many and many a happy English boy, the jewel of his mother's heart—brave, and beautiful, and strong—lies buried there. Very pale their shadows rise before us—the shadows of our young brothers who have sinned and suffered. From the sea and the sod, from foreign graves and English Churchyards, they start up and throng around us in the paleness of their fall. May every schoolboy who reads this page be warned by the waving of their wasted hands, from that burning marble of passion where they found nothing but shame and ruin, polluted affections, and an early grave.

COLLEGE Lecture Associations are not alone recipients of specimens of Horace Greeley's untranslatable chirography. "This is the 200th application in a week. Go to the devil. I can't hire every d—d fool." That's what they say Mr. Greeley wrote to a man who asked for a situation. The receiver could not make it out, so he took it down to the *Tribune* counting-room, and the cashier, supposing it to be an order for \$200, paid him that sum.—*College Courier*.

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Hon. Thomas Ewing.

We take from the Toledo *Commercial* the sketch of the life of the late Hon. Thomas Ewing. It was written by one who evidently was well acquainted with the distinguished man whose biography he sketched. In reference to Mrs. Ewing, it may well be said that she was canonized—not, of course, by the Catholic Church, who is never hasty in proposing examples to her children, in the persons of those she does canonize after years of investigation—but by the poor and needy of the neighborhood whose active providence she was during the whole of her well-spent life:

The dispatches of Thursday night announced the death of this eminent Ohio jurist and statesman. He died at half past three o'clock on the 26th inst., at his residence in Lancaster, of heart disease, or an accumulation of fatty matter about the heart, a disease which has prostrated him on several occasions during the past ten years. He was nearly eighty-two years of age, and died with all his children and many other members of his family around him, and with his mind clear and vigorous to the last. For more than a generation past he has filled a large space in the public eye, and has been recognized as one of the ablest jurists of his time, and as a statesman is to be ranked in the category with Clay and Webster, with whom he long served in the councils of the nation.

Mr. Ewing was born in Ohio county Virginia, on the 28th day of December, 1789. His father had taken part in the struggle for American Independence; and in 1792, owing to his reduced circumstances, he removed to Ohio and settled in Athens county. An elder sister taught the boy Thomas to read, who, until his twentieth year, labored on his father's farm, and read books at night by the light of a hickory fire. He then left home and worked two or three years in the Kanawha salt-works, and until he had accumulated a sufficient sum to pay for his father's farm, and to enter the Ohio University, where he took the degree of A. B., being the first graduate of the institution. He was emphatically the architect of his own fame and fortune, and in addition to acquiring a collegiate education and profession, he had the purpose and strength amid his early struggles and privations, to purchase a farm for his father, and place the family in easy circumstances. He "honored his father and his mother," and he has in turn been honored by his children, and his days have been "long in the land," in strict fulfillment of the promise—a lesson, by-the-way, which should not be lost upon young men struggling against adverse circumstances. Nor need such envy the more fortunate who have their way paid through College, and frequently through life. It is out of such early struggles and privations that giants, like Ewing, come.

Mr. Ewing studied law with Philemon Beecher, a distinguished lawyer of his day at Lancaster, and was admitted to the bar in 1816. His attention is said to have been turned to the law during his boyhood. On one occasion (so the story runs) he was driving his father's ox team by the court-

house, in which an important case was being tried. He stopped the team and entered the court-room, where he remained to hear the argument which the counsel made in behalf of the prisoner. He was struck with the imperfection of the defense, and, remarking that he could make a better plea himself, he went out with the determination to become a lawyer.

During his early years at the bar, Mr. Ewing was distinguished as a hard student, and his close application to his books became a jest among the good-natured lawyers of those days, who rode from county to county on horseback, and trusted more to 'inspiration' than to study for their success at the bar. He was not one of those who trusted to his 'genius' to see him through, and hence he was always prepared, and nearly always successful. He was distinguished as much for the thoroughness of his legal knowledge, as for his legal grasp and acumen, and it is said that on one occasion, when he had an important case to prepare, he shut himself up in his room, and remained there an entire week, and until he had mastered the case. Another "moral" which is pointed by his career is that great and permanent success is achieved only by hard labor. This is perhaps still more strikingly illustrated in the career of his early associate in the law, the now distinguished Hocking H. Hunter, who failed at first in several attempts to practise law, and returned to manual labor; but having faith in himself and in hard study, he again took up the law and has pushed his way to that 'top story'—in which Mr. Webster remarked that there was 'always room.'

Mr. Ewing was undoubtedly a great man, so far as greatness consists in massive power; but his chief eminence was in the law, and his special power or *forte* lay in real estate cases. By his success in some of these he acquired the title to lands of great value. Not the least among his important real estate cases, and in which he prepared elaborate arguments, was that of Oliver *vs.* Piatt, *et al.*, involving the title to a large part of Toledo. His 'legal trick' in the 'Martha Washington' case is regarded as one of the boldest as it was one of the most successful on record. Mr. Ewing appeared as counsel for one of the accused, and Mr. Stanberry, then Attorney General of Ohio, conducted the case on the State. Mr. Stanberry had an elaborate argument prepared, which would doubtless have secured the conviction of the accused; but Mr. Ewing found a breach in the proceedings which enabled him to submit the case and cut off argument, thus securing the release of his client. This, it is said, created so much feeling between the Ewing and Stanberry families, that they were on bad social terms until Mr. Stanberry took up the defense of the Sherman-Johnson treaty at the close of the late war.

Mr. Ewing's legal opinion was constantly sought and liberally paid for from all parts of the country. He was one of the most trusted advisers of President Lincoln in matters of Public policy, as well as upon points of law; and his despatch to the President stating the law in the Mason-Sidell case, will be remembered. Within the limits of an ordinary business despatch, he gave the whole law of the case in the following words: "There can be no contraband of war in a neutral bottom going from one neutral port to another."

As a statesman, Mr. Ewing has always been ranked as a conservative. He has never been recognized as one of the 'earnest' or 'progressive' men of his time; yet his record shows that during his second term in the United States Senate, (from 1850 to 1851,) he refused to vote for the Fugitive Slave Law, helped to defeat Mr. Clay's compromise Bill, and advocated the abolition of slavery in the district of Columbia. During his first Senatorial term, (from 1831 to 1837,) he was associated with Clay and Webster in resisting executive en-

croachments, and he supported the Protective Tariff system of Clay.

In massive strength, physical and intellectual, he was the peer of Webster, and the two giants agreed mainly in their views of public policy. But Mr. Ewing lacked the oratorical power and grace of Webster, and compensated for this by greater independence and a more rugged self-respect. He lacked also the qualities of a popular leader, and his career as a statesman has been one of influence rather than of power. In other words he has not held the public positions which give men power, but has exerted a vast influence over those who did hold such positions. He voted twice for Mr. Lincoln, and during the war was one of the chief Aaron's, who upheld the hands of the Presidential Moses, until the sun set upon a conquered Rebellion.

In March, 1831, Mr. Ewing took his seat in the United States Senate, where he remained until 1837. During this term he opposed the confirmation of Mr. Van Buren as Minister to England; supported the Protective Tariff system of Mr. Clay; advocated a reduction of postage and secured a reorganization of the Post-Office Department; advocated the recharter of the U. S. Bank, and opposed the removal of the deposits, by President Jackson; procured the passage of a bill settling the much-vaed Ohio boundary question, (out of which grew the famous 'Toledo War';) and another reorganizing the General Land Office. He also opposed the admission of Michigan into the Union, and the granting of pre-emption rights to settlers on the public lands.

Mr. Ewing took an active part in the campaign of 1840, and achieved a national reputation as a stump orator, under the name of the 'Old Salt Boiler.' Gen. Harrison rewarded him by a seat in the Cabinet, where he remained as Secretary of the Treasury under Tyler until the latter forfeited the confidence of the Whigs, when, with all the other members, except Mr. Webster, Mr. E. resigned. On the accession of General Taylor to the Presidency, Mr. Ewing was again called to the Cabinet; this time as Secretary of the Interior, which Department he organized. When Mr. Fillmore succeeded Gen. Taylor, a change was made in the Cabinet, Mr. Ewing retiring, but taking in the Senate the place of Mr. Corwin, who was called to the Cabinet, as Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Ewing filled the unexpired term of Mr. Corwin, and with the close of this term (in 1851) his official career virtually ended. He was a member of the Peace Congress in 1861, and, as before stated, a warm supporter of Mr. Lincoln's administration; but, with his whole family, he favored the reconstruction policy of President Johnson, and found himself, after so many years of sturdy and uncompromising opposition, in action, if not in sympathy, with the Democratic party.

For ten years, Mr. Ewing was recognized as the leading man of the Whig party in Ohio, being their only representative in the U. S. Senate between 1831 and 1845. It was quite natural under the circumstances that when in the winter of 1844-5, his party again had the choice of a Senator, he should expect to be returned; and so he would have been, but for the fact that in the meantime a competitor for partisan favor, stronger in the elements of personal popularity, appeared to dispute his claim. This was the distinguished 'Tom Corwin,' who, from his nomination for Governor in February, 1840, became the idol of his party. His more popular oratory and greater personal magnetism, were not long in putting 'Tom, the Wagoner Boy,' in the place of the 'Old Salt Boiler.' In 1848, Mr. Ewing was within a single vote of being the Whig nominee for Vice-President, in place of Mr. Fillmore, as he also was in 1850 of being the Senator instead of Ben. Wade. With this latter defeat, and the close of the fraction

of a term he was then serving in the Senate, his political aspirations probably ceased.

As a man, Mr. Ewing was as pure as he was great. He had none of the vices nor distinguishing 'weaknesses' of great men, and in his domestic relations was most fortunate and happy. He was married, in 1820, to Maria, daughter of Hugh Boyle, of Lancaster; who was a devout adherent of the Catholic Church, and so distinguished in the church for her piety and charity, that at her death in 1864, she was canonized. It is said of Mr. Ewing, that in the early part of his legal career, when he was frequently away attending court, he would ride forty or fifty miles on Saturday and Saturday night, in order to be at home on Sunday to attend church with his family.

The children of Mr. Ewing, we believe, are all living, and are an exception to the general rule, inasmuch as they have inherited the brains, as well as the name, of their father. General Thomas Ewing, Jr., was distinguished during the war as the hero of Pilot Knob, and his name has recently been before the people of this State as the choice of the Democracy for Governor, though he was defrauded of the nomination by the friends of Mr. McCook. General Hugh Ewing is an officer in the Regular Army, and was Minister to the Hague under Johnson. General Charles Ewing took an active part in the war, and is one of the noblest Ewings of them all. Judge Philemon Beecher Ewing has been Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, during which service he was distinguished for the clearness and correctness of his decisions. Mrs. General Sherman and Mrs. Colonel Steele, are both distinguished in private life for superior culture and character. Mr. Ewing has been frequently charged by his neighbors with having possessed inordinate family pride. Probably the fact that there was such good ground for this pride, gave rise to the charge. He was most happy in his domestic relations, and probably no father was ever more beloved and respected by his children. He had a tender regard for their happiness, and it is said that when a member of his family selected a life-partner, whose social position was considered inferior to that of the family friends, and they protested against the union, Mr. Ewing put the question where it belonged—in the sphere of the affections—and advised the marriage. He was profoundly versed in all the nobler literature, his chief delight being in Shakespeare and Milton, in whose works he was in the habit of drilling his children.

The public will be glad to learn that some years since, at the urgent request of his children, Mr. Ewing commenced an autobiography, which is understood to have been brought down to a recent time; but how complete it may be we are not able to state. Such a work would constitute a valuable contribution to the history of the State and the country.

Mr. Ewing was nearly the last of those eminent lawyers who once made the Lancaster bar famous, as he was also nearly the last of those political giants of a former era who have had much to do in shaping the public opinion and the legislation of the present time. Ohio has had more successful politicians, but no greater statesman and jurist, than Thomas Ewing.

Tables of Honor.

SENIOR DEP'T.

Oct. 27th.—J. D. McCormack, F. J. Wernert, T. L. Watson, J. G. Bowen, T. F. O'Mahony, J. Rourke, W. J. Moran, H. Dehner, T. J. Badeaux, E. Graves.

JUNIOR DEP'T.

Oct. 27th.—J. McHugh, J. Kaufmann, E. Juif. D. A. C., Sec.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Oct. 29.—E. De Groot, C. H. Faxon, T. Nelson, F. Huck, J. O'Mara.

Honorable Mentions.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

GEOGRAPHY.

First Class.—E. De Groot, A. McIntosh, Harry Faxon, M. Farnbaker, E. McMahon, E. Raymond, S. McMahon.

Second Class.—J. Porter, A. Morton, C. Faxon, E. Dasher.

Grand Exhibition

For the Benefit of the Chicago Sufferers,
BY THE THESPIAN AND PHILHARMONIC SOCIETIES
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME,
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1871.

PROGRAMME.

PART FIRST.

Shutzen's March..... N. D. U. Cornet Band
Overture—Taucre—(Rossini)..... Orchestra
Chorus—"Joy! Joy! Freedom to-day!".. Philharmonics
"Chicago—October 8th, 1871."—(Mariaphilos)
..... T. O'Mahony
"Come, pretty bird."..... A. W. Filson
Address—Charity..... M. Foote
Solo—"Non e vero."..... R. Staley
Minims' Address..... E. DeGroot
Solo—Aria, "Like a dream, bright and fair."
—(Martha)..... G. L. Riopelle
Trio—Thanksgiving—Gratias Agimus—Messe
Solemnelle—(Rossini)..... Prof. J. Regniers,
..... G. L. Riopelle, R. Staley
Hero's Quickstep..... N. D. U. Cornet Band
Adagio Scherzo—8th Symphony—(Haydn)..... Orchestra

PART SECOND.

THE CONJURER;

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.

By the Thespians.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Truman..... Thomas O'Mahony
Sir George Truman..... George W. Darr
Abigail..... Marcus J. Moriarty
Sir Vellum..... John M. Rourke
Tinset..... Thomas L. Watson
Fantom..... Joseph J. Zimmer
Butler..... William E. Smith
Coachman..... Thomas A. Ireland
Gardner..... Philip Cochrane

After First Act—National Air, by the N. D. U. C. Band.

After Third Act—Allegro, 8th Symphony—(Haydn), by the Orchestra.

After Fifth Act—9th Symphony—(Haydn), by the Orchestra; Closing Remarks; "Home, Sweet Home," by the N. D. U. Cornet Band.

St. Cecilia Philomathean Association.

The sixth regular meeting of this Association was held October 22d. After the usual preliminaries, the subject for debate,

Resolved, That a Classical Education is better for the Student than a Mathematical one,

was discussed. Master M. Mahony bravely supported the Classics, and Master C. Dodge stood up vigorously for Mathematics. Both speakers did pretty well; but, in the opinion of the Corresponding Secretary, they might have devoted more time to the subject. Then followed compositions and declamations. Of the declamations, Master C. Berdel's "Mark Antony" was the best. Of the compositions, those read by Masters D. Hogan and J. Crumey were tolerable good. Mas-

ter Crumey's was the better read, but it contained too many quotations. Master Hogan's, on "Late Chicago," was not very well connected, and was read with some little hesitancy, causing us to believe that the writer did not exactly mean what he would have us believe.

The seventh regular meeting was held Oct. 29th. At this meeting Master Mark Foote read, in his usually remarkably distinct voice, a well-written essay on "A week in Nebraska." Then came Master M. Mahony on "Miscellaneous Remarks," which were brimful with local hits and good advice to the Society. Among those who displayed their elocutionary powers, Master C. Dodge deserves special mention, both as regards gracefulness of gesture, dignity of manners, and distinct utterance for his declamation on "Julius Cæsar." After this the subject for the next debate,

Resolved, That Napoleon I was a great benefactor to mankind,

was given out. Master M. Foote, the President of the Historic branch, was then appointed to prepare an essay on the "Character of Columbus and the Discovery of America," to be read at the tenth regular meeting. After electing Masters S. Dum-Recording Secretary and J. Crumey Corresponding Secretaries, the meeting adjourned.

SAMUEL DUM,
Cor. Sec., pro tem.

Losses of the L. S. & M. S. R.R. at Chicago.

The grounds of these Companies extend north to Van Buren street along the east side of the south branch. They were occupied at the north end by the magnificent stone passenger depot, built a few years ago at an expense of a quarter of a million. The Van Buren street front, three stories high, was originally occupied on the east side by the general offices of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, and on the west side by the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Company. A year ago the former were removed to Cleveland, only the local operating and Western Passenger remaining. The Rock Island offices were still kept there.

The losses of the Lake Shore Company were:

One passenger depot, (jointly with the Rock Island,) 18 freight cars, 15 loaded with miscellaneous merchandise, 3 sleeping cars, 2 drawing-room cars, 8 passenger cars, 4 baggage cars, 3 second class cars, 1 pay car.

The freight lost includes about \$30,000 worth of syrups and sugars, a part of which was in the cars mentioned above; but any accurate estimate of the entire loss cannot, as yet, be satisfactorily made out.

The company intend to rebuild at once, and, meantime, their business offices are located at the corner of Polk and Griswold streets.

Passenger trains start from the new depot on Polk street, stopping at 22d, at both of which are ticket offices, also at the corner of Canal and Madison streets.

Both the fine freight depots of the companies were saved, a result due in large measures, we are assured, to the station agent, D. R. Riddell. In this fortunate result the city also shares, even more largely. Had the freight depots burned the fire would have been communicated to the blocks immediately south of Van Buren street, for a width north and south of at least two blocks, which would have been swept away through to the lake. The fire raged all along the river on the west side at this point; and the tracks along the side of the depot were filled with freight cars. In running these off to the south the employees were met by the crowds of people and trains crossing Polk street bridge. At one time a conflict actually occurred between the men running off the cars and

the multitude; but after great exertions the cars were placed beyond the reach of the fire, and the freight house and a considerable portion of the city saved.—*Chicago Railway Times*.

[Translated from the German.]

The Death of Abel.

PART II.

As they were thus joyfully sitting in the grove, the father of the human race spoke:

"My children, now we feel what joy penetrates the soul after performing a good action; we feel that we are only then truly happy, when we are virtuous. By means of virtue we partake of the bliss of the pure spirits and taste of the happiness of paradise; whilst, on the contrary, every unconquered, impure passion prostrates us and drags us into a labyrinth of disquietude, anxiety, misery and sorrow. Eve, had we only known that so much happiness existed on the accursed earth, when we left paradise and alone inhabited the entire earth!"

Adam was silent, then Abel addressed him:

"Father, since the evening is so lovely and since you desire to remain a little longer in the grove, and if the lonely darkness invites you not to serious reflections, then, father, listen to my request, and tell me again of the times when you and Eve, all alone, were living in this wide world."

All now looked at Adam attentively, impatient to know if he would accede to the request. "How could I, on this joyous day, refuse your request," said he. "I will relate to you of the times in which such great promises were made to the sinner, and such undeserved grace and happiness poured upon him. Eve, where shall I begin the story? there, where we, with our hands joined, left paradise? But, dearest, a tear already glistens in your eye—"

"Begin there," said Eve, "where I, for the last time, looked back, weeping, at paradise, and then sank fainting at your side. But what I then experienced, that let me relate, Adam, for I fear you would only describe the scene indifferently, in order to spare my feelings.

"Far behind us already blazed the sword of the angel, who, with friendly compassion, conducted us out of paradise, and had kindly reminded us of the promise of the Redeemer and of the great grace of the offended God. We had already reached the earth and walked through lonely wastes; there was no Eden; we walked through no fragrant flowers and fruitful hedges and groves; these were sparingly scattered upon the unproductive ground like islands in the ocean. Thus we wandered, the whole earth being a vast desert before us. Often I looked back, weeping, but did not dare to look him in the face, who, tempted by me, was walking by my side, sharing my grief and misfortune. With head inclined to the earth, he silently walked beside me; then, mute with grief, he looked at the surrounding country, then at me, saw my tears but could not speak, and, weeping, pressed me to his heart. Now we came to the descent of a hill, whence the majestic view of the elevated paradise was lost to the eye; there, there I stood still, and looking back wept loudly: 'Ah, perhaps for the last time I see you paradise, my native place, where you—oh, may I call you beloved?—petitioned the Creator for a spouse. Ye flowers! for whom do ye now exhale your fragrance,—ye whom I tended with my own hand? Who walks now amid your perfumed coolness, ye shady bowers? Ye blooming arbors and ye valleys, for whom now do your manifold fruits smile in the sunlight? Oh, I shall never see you again. That balmy air is too pure, that land is too holy for me, sinful one. Alas! how man has fallen! the friend of the angels, he, who went forth so pure, so happy, from the hands of the Creator! And you, you also have fallen, you . . . oh! I

dare not call you beloved! tempted by me, you have fallen. Oh, hate me not, abandon me not, for the sake of our misery, for the sake of the Redeemer whom our merciful Judge promised us, do not abandon me miserable! it is true, I deserve naught from you but hatred and detestation; but permit me, only servant-like, to follow your footsteps that I may take care of your comfort in this misery. Wherever you may dwell there will I gather flowers for your couch; I will traverse the lonely region to gather the best fruits for your food, and oh how happy shall I be if a compassionate look from you rewards my small services!" Thus I spoke and fell into his arms, when he tenderly pressed me to his heart, wept upon my cheeks and said:

"Let us, not augment our misery by bitter reproaches; we both have deserved more punishment than we have received. Did not the Judge, when he passed sentence upon us, make us great promises? 'Tis true, a holy gloom surrounds them; but grace, infinite grace, lights forth through the gloom. If He had punished us according to our desert, oh, what would have become of us! where would we be now! No, dearest, no violent complaints and bitter reproaches should make us unworthy of His grace, should profane our lips which should be open only for deep reverence and adoring thanks. He, from whose eye the blackest darkness conceals nothing, sees the most secret conduct of the sinner; He will mercifully regard our weak praise, our thanks and our imperfect striving after good. Embrace me, Eve, thrice welcome to me in our misery! Mutual help shall we be to each other, and jointly shall we combat our enemy, sin, and work up to our innate dignity as much as our ruin permits it. Let peace and tender love always reign with us, for thus, with mutual assistance, we shall be able to bear the imparted burden more easily, and to meet Death, who, as it seems, is but slowly wandering about. Now let us descend there where the poplars stand before the rocks,—evening is approaching, and that spot will be suitable to spend the night."

You were silent; then I embraced you, and dried with my curls the tears from your eye; then we both descended the hill, going to the poplars that stood before the rocks."

Eve was silent, and smiled upon Adam; then he began to continue the recital.

"We reached the poplars, and found beneath their shade a cave in the rocks. 'Look, Eve,' I said; 'look how nature affords us convenience; this beautiful cave, and this clear spring that gushes at its side. Let us prepare our lodging here—but, Eve, I shall be obliged to protect this the entrance from the nocturnal attacks of enemies. 'What enemies?' anxiously inquired Eve.

"Did you not notice," said I, "that the curse of the Lord fell upon all created things, that the ties of friendship among the living creatures have been dissolved, and that the weaker is a prey to the stronger? Yonder, across the field, I saw a young lion pursue, with hostile roarings, a timid fawn; I also perceived enmity among the birds in the air. We are no longer the controlling masters of creatures—with the exception of those whose strength does not equal ours, those which fawningly played with us. The spotted tiger and the shaggy lion, with glaring eyes just rushed roaring past us. It is true, we shall, by our friendly conduct, gain over some of them, and our reason will protect us from the overpowering strength of others. I will place brushwood at the entrance of our cave. 'And I will go,' said Eve, 'to pluck flowers and grasses, and scatter them upon our couch, and to gather fruits from the bushes and trees.' Then I placed brushwood at the entrance of our cave, and Eve timidly and carefully, so as not to lose sight of me, gathered fruits from the bushes and

trees; and when she returned she placed them down before us on the clean grass. We then reclined upon the flowers in the cave, and commenced our frugal meal, amid friendly conversation.

"But a black storm was approaching, and darkening the setting sun. Threateningly it spread itself over us, and a sad gloom rested upon the earth. Nature appeared anxiously to await its destruction. Suddenly the gale blew whistling over the mountains and over the valleys; lightning flashed from the clouds, and thunder rolled over our heads. Eve tremblingly clung to my heaving breast. 'He comes! He comes! the Judge!—how terrible!—He comes to bring us death, to us and all nature, on account of my offence! Oh! Adam! Adam! . . . Now she remained speechless, clinging to me.

"Then I said: 'Beloved, let us kneel down in front of the cave and adore Him who walks upon this terrible darkness,—before whose step this flame and awful voice advance. Thou who stoodst over me with unspeakable godlike friendliness, when I awoke, completed by thy creating hands, oh, how terrible art Thou when Thou appearest as Judge!'

"We then knelt in front of the cave, buried our faces in our trembling hands, prayed and waited for the Judge to appear before us and speak from the thundercloud:

"Thou shalt die, and thou, earth, thou shalt perish before My anger!"

"Torrents now poured from the heaven, the lightning ceased flashing from the clouds, and the thunder rolled only in the distance. I then raised my head and spoke:

"The Lord has passed by us, Eve; He will not desolate the earth; we shall not die to-day. Of what avail would be His promise if He destroyed us and our posterity now? Promises are not made in vain by the Eternal Wisdom."

"We no longer trembled, the clouds separated and the setting sun sent forth an indescribable splendor: a heavenly scene, as if hosts of angels were hovering over Eden upon dewy clouds, all resplendent with heavenly light. The western heaven was lit up and the whole country around blazed with the light of the glowing sun. We knelt down and celebrated with holy enthusiasm the occasion. Thus we outlived the first thunder-storm. The evening tints paled into twilight and the moon poured a softer light upon the scattered clouds; and now, for the first time, we experienced the nightly frost, just as at noon the sun with unusual heat burned us. We covered ourselves with the skins of animals, which the merciful Judge had thrown around us before we left paradise, as a sign that He, full of pity, would not refuse us His help in our misery, and then reclined upon soft grasses and flowers in the cave awaiting sleep. It came, but not gently, as before, when we were innocent; then our imagination pictured only joyful, smiling forms; these had now lost their smiles and joy, and restlessness and fear and a gnawing conscience depicted gloomy, horrible, terrible forms. The night was quiet, our slumber pleasant, but how different from that night when I first led you, Eve, into the bridal-grotto, when the flowers threw out fragrance sweeter than ever, when the song of the night-bird sounded so prettily and the moon poured forth such a delicate light, when paradise saw its first wedding-night. Yet, why delay amid such scenes, which only serve to awaken slumbering pain?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CATECHIST.—"How many things are required for baptism?"

Scholar.—"Three things."

Catechist.—"Three? I know only of two: the water and the words."

Scholar.—"Yes, but what about the child?"

Astronomy—No. 5.

A SYNOPSIS OF ITS HISTORY.

[CONTINUED.]

At the same time that Kepler, in Germany, was tracing the orbits of the planets and settling the laws of their motion, Galileo, in Italy, was meditating up in the doctrine of motion in general, and investigating its principles. The fame of this great man is so exalted, his discoveries in astronomy and in mathematics so great, that it would seem that nothing could be more acceptable to the student than a short sketch of his life and a review or synopsis of his writings and discoveries.

Galileo, the greatest astronomer the world has seen up to his time, was born in Pisa, in Italy, in the year 1564. He was the son of Vincenzo Galileo, a Florentine nobleman. In his youth he was engaged in the studies of poetry, music, and drawing; but in the progress of his years these were exchanged for other and more sublime studies. Intended by his father for the medical profession, he was educated at the University of Pisa. But disliking that study, as well as the Aristotelian philosophy, which was then taught in the school, the bias of his mind led him to cultivate an acquaintance with mathematics. He read Euclid, Archimedes, and other ancient authors in the original. He became so famous in these sciences that before he was twenty-six he was appointed by the Duke of Tuscany to the Chair of Mathematical Professor in the University of Pisa. But as the situation was rendered unpleasant to him by the envy and jealousy of the Aristotelians, who considered him as a visionary and dangerous innovator in Science, he accepted, in the year 1592, an invitation from the Republic of Venice to fill the Mathematical Chair in the University of Padua. In this situation he remained for eighteen years, contributing very much to the reputation of the institution with which he was connected. In 1610, Cosmas II, Grand Duke of Tuscany, invited him to fill the Chair of Mathematics in Pisa, with a considerable stipend.

Being informed, in 1609, that Jansen, a Dutchman, had invented a Glass which made distant objects appear near, he turned his attention to the science of Optics, and invented an instrument by which, as he says, objects appeared magnified one thousand times. Turning this instrument or Telescope towards the heavens he was astonished at the objects that presented themselves to his view. On the surface of the moon he saw lofty mountains and deep valleys. The Galaxy, or Milky Way, he discovered to be a crowded assemblage of fixed stars, invisible to the naked eye. Venus he found to vary in its phases like the moon. The figure of Saturn he found to be oblong, consisting of three different parts, two of which were *anæ*, or extreme parts. He saw Jupiter on the 8th of January, 1610, surrounded by four moons, which he named Medicean Stars. And on the sun's disc he perceived spots, from the motion of which he inferred that the sun revolves upon its axis. The Duke wrote him a congratulatory letter on his discoveries, while others supposed them to be the day-dreams of his own imagination. Convinced of the truth of the Copernican system, he availed himself of his discoveries in illustrating and confirming it. The propositions he maintained were: That the sun is the centre of the Universe, and immovable by a local motion; and that the earth is not the centre of the universe, nor immovable, but that it moves with a diurnal motion.

Here again the adherents of Aristotle and Ptolemy opposed him, as they had formerly done, as a visionary and innovator, and caused him much trouble by bringing various charges against him. But he had a true friend in the Duke, who admired his genius and believed in his

new system. In 1613 he published his famous "Dialogues on the two great systems of the world, the Ptolemaic and the Copernican," urging arguments in favor of each, but insinuating his attachment to that of Copernicus.

The light which Galileo cast upon upon Natural Philosophy by his astronomical discoveries and mechanical inventions and improvements, aided by his extensive knowledge of mathematics, entitle him to rank in the first class of mathematical philosophers.

He made the evidence of the Copernican system more sensible, when he showed from the phases of Venus that Venus actually revolves round the sun. He proved the revolution of the sun on his axis from the spots upon it, and thence the rotation of the earth became more credible. The four satellites that attend Jupiter in its revolution round the sun, represented in Jupiter's lesser system a just image of the great solar system, and rendered it more easy to conceive how the moon might attend the earth as a satellite in its annual revolution. By discovering hills and cavities in the moon and spots upon the sun, constantly varying, he showed that there was not so great a difference between the celestial and sublunar bodies as philosophers had vainly imagined.

He did no less service by treating in a clear and geometrical manner the doctrine of Motion, which has been justly called the Key of Nature. He first demonstrated that the spaces described by heavenly bodies, from the beginning of their descent, are as the squares of the times; and that a body projected in any direction that is not perpendicular to the horizon, describes a parabola. These were the beginnings of the doctrine of motion of the heavenly bodies, which have been since carried to so great a height by Sir Isaac Newton.

In Geometry, Galileo has been allowed, on the best authority, to be the inventor of the Cycloid. He also invented the simple pendulum, and made use of it in his astronomical experiments. He had also thoughts of applying it to clocks, but the honor of executing his design was reserved for his son Vincenzo, who experimented on it in Venice in 1649, and the invention was afterwards carried to perfection by Huygen.

He also discovered the gravity of the air, and endeavored to compare it with that of water, and opened up several other enquiries in Natural Philosophy. Galileo had scholars worthy of so great a master, by whom the gravitation of the atmosphere was fully established, and its varying pressure accurately and conveniently measured by a column of quicksilver of equal weight, sustained by it in a barometrical tube. The elasticity of the air, by which it perpetually endeavors to expand, and, while it admits of condensation, resists in proportion to its density, was a phenomenon of a new kind—the common fluids, as it was then thought, having no such property—and of the utmost importance to philosophy. It seemed as if the air, the fluid in which men lived from the beginning, had been then first discovered. Philosophers were everywhere busy inquiring into its various properties and their effects, and valuable discoveries rewarded their labors. Of the great number who distinguished themselves on this occasion, we have only space to mention Gorrieelli, in Italy; Paschal, in France; Otto Guerick, in Germany, and Boyle, in England.

About the year 1634 Galileo took up his residence at his own house at Arcetri, near Florence. Here he spent the residue of his days, prosecuting his studies and observations, and communicating them to the public. Injured in his sight by the constant use of the telescope and by the nocturnal air, he became blind about three years before his death. This misfortune prevented his execution of several plans which he had in contemplation for the improvement of Science. In 1642 he was

seized with a disease which terminated his life in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

Galileo was of small stature, venerable aspect, and vigorous constitution. His learning was extensive, and the acuteness of his wit, and the affability of his temper, rendered him a pleasant companion. His chief pastimes were architecture, agriculture, drawing, painting, and music.

It will be seen from the foregoing sketch of the life and labors of Galileo, that it was to the telescope he was chiefly indebted for his wonderful discoveries and for his great advancement in illustrating and confirming the doctrines and system of Copernicus. The invention of the telescope—which was one of the noblest that modern ages can boast of—has enabled man to raise his eyes far above the surface of the globe he inhabits, in search of worlds that were invisible to the unassisted eye, and the more perfect his instrument is made the more celestial bodies he discovers scattered through the infinitude of space. With the assistance of this wonderful instrument in the present state of perfection, we know to a greater nicety the moment when a planet will arrive at a certain point in the heavens; then we can tell the time that a cannon-ball will employ in passing from the gun to the extremity of its destined range—the moment of its explosion being given.

The discovery of the telescope has been generally attributed to Jansen, of Middleburg, in Holland, in the year 1609. Yet this is disputed by several authors. Mr. W. Molyneux has asserted, in his "Dioptrica Nova," that Friar Bacon well understood the nature of all sorts of optical glasses, and how to combine them so as to form some such instrument as the telescope. And Mr. Samuel Molyneux, his son, has affirmed that not only the invention but construction of a telescope is fairly attributable to Bacon, as may be collected from various passages in his "Opus Majus." And Dr. Jebb, who edited this work, adduces passages from Bacon's manuscript to prove that he actually applied telescopes to astronomical purposes so long ago as the thirteenth century, the Friar having died in 1294. The passages to which Mr. Molyneux refers, in support of Bacon's claims, occur in his "Opus Majus,"—p. 348, and p. 357, Jebb's edition, 1733.

We can find in our research no further notice of any such instrument as a telescope, until the year 1560, when John Baptist Porta, a Neapolitan, is said, by Wolfens, to have made a telescope; but the description given of it was so unintelligible that Kepler declared he could make nothing out of it. Soon after this time, viz., in 1579, according to the account of Mr. Thomas Digges, in his "Stratificos," his father, Mr. Thomas Digges, had learned from a manuscript book of the learned Bacon how to discover objects at a distance by a perspective glass set at due angles, but it is not certain whether the construction resembled that of a telescope or of a camera obscura.

According to Descartes, James Metius, while amusing himself with making mirrors and burning glasses, happened to look through two lenses, one concave, the other convex, placed, by accident, at a proper distance from each other, and thus discovered the property that such a combination of glasses possess of showing objects at a distance. This discovery is said to be near the end of the sixteenth century. The same discovery has been also attributed to John Lippersheim, a maker of spectacles, at Middleburg. But Borellus, in his book, "De Vero Telescopii Inventore," makes Jensen, another maker of spectacles at the same place, the real inventor of telescopes, in the year 1590, and there seems to remain little doubt but that Jensen was entitled to the honor. The account is, that after having arranged the glasses in a tube, this ingenious mechanic hastened to present it to Prince Maurice, under the persuasion that it would benefit him in his wars. But the secret

soon became public, and Lippersheim copied the invention.

This first telescope of Galileo's magnified about fifteen or sixteen times, and the inventor viewed with it the spots on the moon, the body of Jupiter, and even saw some small stars above and below his disc which appeared to move round him, and which, therefore, must have been his satellites. From this source it is supposed that Metius gained his information, as well as Cornelius Drebell, of Alcmaer, in Holland, who afterwards made similar instruments. We may also mention Francis Fontana, an Italian, who claimed the honor of this invention, in 1608. But from what we have said of Jansen, Fontana's claim falls to the ground. This, it is generally understood, was the case with the famous Galileo, who, when Professor of Mathematics in Padua, heard it reported at Venice, in the year 1609, that a Dutchman presented Prince Maurice, of Nassau, with an optical instrument, having the power of making distant objects appear near. But notwithstanding twenty years had elapsed since the invention, in 1590, the means used for producing the wonderful effect were not known. Galileo, on his return to Padua in 1610, not only contrived but constructed a telescope, which he presented to the Doge Leonardo Donati, and to the Senate of Venice, with an account of the uses which the instrument might be applied to, both by sea and land, for which service it is well known his stipend as professor was thenceforth tripled.

The first telescope he constructed had only a power of three times, the second was six times more powerful, and his third magnified thirty-three times. The length of these instruments is not upon record. To give a description of their construction would be to diverge into the science of Optics, which would be out of place in this series of articles. But it must be remembered that it is to the telescope—the science of Astronomy, Navigation, Engineering, and many others, are at the present time indebted for the wonderful state of perfection they have now attained, as compared with their condition at the commencement of the seventeenth century. Galileo announced that the planet Saturn was irregular or oblong in form, his telescope not being of sufficient power to define the ring or belt. Huygens, in 1635, constructed a telescope twelve feet long, with which he defined the belt of Saturn, and also one of twenty-four feet, and afterwards one of one hundred and twenty-three feet, it being supposed that the power increased in accordance to the ratio of the focal length.

J. F.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DISTRESSING CONUNDRUM.—The New Orleans *Picayune* tells of an ambitious young debater in a village society who propounded this obtruse conundrum: "Eff'r man plants a watermillion seed next to his fence; and this 'ere watermillion seed sprouts up into a watermillion vine, and that 'ere watermillion vine grows, and meanders through that 'ere fence into another man's lot, adjacent; and in that other man's lot so adjacent that 'ere watermillion vine that sprouted from that 'ere watermillion seed and meandered thro' that 'ar fence into this 'ere other man's lot adjacent, tharin consolidates and homologates into a watermillion, the question, feller citizens and ladies, is: To which of these 'ere men did that 'ar watermillion, so homologated and promulgated belong?—to the man who planted that 'ere watermillion seed that meandered thro' that 'ar fence into this 'ere man's lot adjacent and thar so consolidated into a watermillion; or to the man who owned this 'ere lot so adjacent, whar so promulgated the watermillion vine that so exergetated from that 'ar watermillion vine that meandered thro' this 'ere fence and so sprouted from that 'ar watermillion seed that that 'ere man planted?"

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, }

November 1, 1871.

The mason work of the new building is now completed, and presents a very imposing appearance. It is pronounced by competent judges a splendid piece of work, both as regards solidity and finish, and is highly creditable to the skill of the enterprising contractor, Mr. Edward Slattery of Niles Michigan.

The Juniors are happy to inform their friends that they can now boast of having a piano of their own in the Juniors recreation hall, therefore they are no longer dependant on the senior young ladies for the privilege of musical soiree or impromptu dancing party, several of the little Juniors being acquisitive to perform well on the aforesaid instrument.

The Junior department is certainly very interesting—such a sprightly merry crowd—so much energy and industry, so much talent, combined with true childlike simplicity. It would delight the hearts of their parents could they but see them in their pleasant evening recreation—the song, the dance, the droll mimickry, the reading of story books by one to a groupe engaged in mending or fancy work—the cheerful conversation. All these carried on through the supervision of their kind prefects, give evidence of a homelike feeling most charming to witness.

Is there nothing to be said of the dear little Minims? Oh yes—they too have their recreation room all to themselves.

Their sports are exceedingly amusing. They live in fairy land. Their vivid imaginations can transform blocks into castles, china dolls into princesses, themselves into sisters, matrons or school-mistresses. They can in fact imagine themselves anything at all, from a tiny infant to a giant, and so identify themselves with the character they assume as to afford great amusement to the "children of an older growth" who happen to witness their droll performances. Any one effected with the blues would find a speedy remedy by spending an evening among the merry minims at St. Mary's.

TABLES OF HONOR—SR. DEP'T.

October 29.—Misses M. Kirwan, M. Shirland, M. Toberty, M. Dillon, L. Marshall, A. Clark, J. Hogue, A. Borup, J. Forbes, G. Hurst, H. Tinsley, T. Donahoe.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

October 25.—Misses M. Kearny, L. Niel, N. Gross, A. Clark, M. Quan, J. Kearny, M. Walker, B. Gaffney, M. Cummings, L. Tinsley, S. Honeyman, C. Davis, K. Lloyd, M. Reynolds.

HONORABLE MENTIONS.—SR. DEP'T.

Graduating Class.—Miss K. McMahon.

First Senior Class.—Misses K. Zell, A. Mast, L. Hoyt, M. Cochrane, M. Lange, A. Shea, A. Todd, K. Haymond, M. Lassen, K. Brown, B. Crowley.

Second Senior Class.—Misses L. Duffield, N. Duffield, E. Plamondon, I. Reynolds, S. Ball, A. Piat, E. Rollins, L. West, J. Coffey, C. Latta, D. Greene, C. Woods, A. Woods, R. Spier, L. Logan.

Third Senior Class.—Misses A. Lloyd, R. Nelson, I. Wilder, M. Prince, R. Devoto, M. Letourneau, B. Cable, S. Johnson, I. Taylor, B. Reynolds, I. Edwards, M. Armsby, N. Hogue, E. Culver, M. Leonard, J. Walker, K. Robson, M. Wicker, L. Ritchie.

First Preparatory Class.—Misses A. Emonds, M. McIntyre, H. McMahon, A. St. Clair, G. Kellogg, A. Hamilton, M. Moon, N. Sanders, C. Creveling, N. Sullivan.

Second Preparatory Class.—Misses M. Mooney, H. McLaughlin, A. Conahan, M. Nash, F. Moore, N. Bower, F. Hoyt, J. Judy, A. McLaughlin, R. McIntyre, M. Goodbody, F. Taylor, D. Willey, L. Eutzler, M. Kelly, B. Hilton, A. Selby, L. Brandenburg, E. Wade, B. Wade.

Third Preparatory Class.—M. A. Roberts, B. McCarthy, K. Miller, J. Hupp, M. Luzen, L. Pfeiffer.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Second Preparatory Class.—A. Byrne, M. Quill.

Junior Preparatory Class.—J. Duffield, A. Lynch, G. Kelly, F. Lloyd, E. Hogan, L. Harrison, L. Wood, M. Faxon.

Third Preparatory Class.—B. Schmidt, A. Sweeney, L. Buehlar, C. Germain.

First Junior Class.—A. Gollhardt, F. Munn, K. Fullman, M. De Long, M. Ware, A. Burney.

First French Class.—Misses A. Borup, R. Spiers, A. Clark, M. Quan, N. Gross, M. Toberty.

Second French Class.—Misses K. Haymond.

Third French Class.—Misses A. Todd, M. Lange, A. Mast, M. Lassen, L. West, E. Plamondon, F. Taylor, M. Kearny, J. Kearny, M. Letourneau.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

First Class—M. Shirland, M. Kirwin.

Second Division—K. McMahon, I. Taylor, A. Borup.

Second Class—G. Hurst, A. Todd, R. Spiers.

Second Division—L. West, A. E. Clark, E. Rollins, A. Gollhardt.

Third Class—H. McMahon, M. Lassen, L. Duffield, M. Prince, N. Hogue, A. Selby.

Second Division—M. Tuberty, A. Emonds, K. Brown, A. St. Clair, M. Lange.

Fourth Class—J. Forbes, M. Quan, D. Greene, M. Kearny, J. Coffey, E. Brandenburg, K. Zell, B. Cable, T. Washburne, T. Wilder.

Second Division—R. Devoto, S. Johnson, A. Robson, A. Byrnes, M. Corcoran.

Fifth Class—M. Pinney, N. Gross, M. Walker, S. Honeyman, J. Walker, A. Clark, E. Dunbar, C. Davis, M. Letourneau, A. Shea, J. Kearny.

Sixth Class—A. Hamilton, N. Sullivan, M. Cummings, L. McKinnon, K. Haymond.

Seventh Class—C. Creveling, L. Tinsley, A. Conahan, H. McLaughlin, M. Nash.

Eight Class—F. Lloyd, M. Faxon, L. Harrison.

At the weekly reunion of the academy of music the following young ladies deserved great credit for application, and consequently progress—Misses Wade, Pfeiffer, Miller, Munn, Wiles, Eutsler, Loyd, Follmer, Duffield.

Young ladies following a special course—Miss Logan, H. Niel, H. Handy.

Harp—E. Dunbar, M. Shirland, K. McMahon.

Guitar—A. Selby, G. Kellogg, B. Crowley.

Theoretical Classes—A. Borup, L. West, M. Lassen, K. Brown, L. Duffield, G. Hurst, M. Tuberty, A. Todd, K. Zell, D. Green, C. Creveling, K. Haymond, A. Emonds, J. Miller, M. Cummings, M. Nash, M. Faxon, T. Reynolds, D. Willey, H. McLaughlin, C. Lotta, G. Kelly.

L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

TRAINS now leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

Leave South Bend 10:28 a. m.	Arrive at Buffalo 2:10 a. m.
" 12:22 p. m.	" 11:00 a. m.
" 9:30 p. m.	" 2:00 p. m.
" 12:35 a. m.	" 5:30 p. m.

GOING WEST.

Leave South Bend 4:05 p. m.	Arrive at Chicago 7:20 p. m.
" 3:14 a. m.	" 6:50 a. m.
" 5:00 a. m.	" 8:20 a. m.
" 4:22 p. m.	" 8:20 p. m.

Making connection with all trains West and North.

For full details, see the Company's posters and time tables at the depot and other public places.

Trains are run by Cleveland time, which is 15 minutes faster than South Bend time.

J. H. DEVLERİUX General Manager, Cleveland, Ohio.

CHARLES F. HATCH, General Superintendent, Cleveland.

C. P. LEELAND, Auditor, Cleveland, Ohio.

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J. W. CARY, General Ticket Agent, Cleveland, Ohio.

C. MORSE, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Illinois.

M. B. BROWN, Ticket Agent, South Bend.

A. J. WHITE, Freight Agent, South Bend.